

From the author -
VERSES
Chayninghove, Denmark -
FOR THE PEOPLE.
Nov. 1870.

Suitable to the Times.

BY

AN ENGLISHMAN.

LONDON:
E. TRUELOVE, 256, HIGH HOLBORN.
1871.

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PRO PATRIA CUNCTA
ET FACERE ET FERRE PARATI.

HOLY CHRIST ! we take Thy name
But to cover deeds of shame.
Worse than heathens now are they
Who weary Thee with sham and say.
See them sighing for " still soul-beauty,"
Lost to every vulgar duty ;
No spark of manliness and pluck,
Aye grinding at " piety," " peace," and muck !
 But men who can't their " brother " love,
How can they cleave to God above ?
Folk that can worship nought but greed,
And fail their country in her need,
One day *outside* the gates will stand
Of His Jerusalem the Grand.

“ Saints ” that have nor curse nor ban,
No rifle, lance, or yataghan,
No extra tax and free-will shilling
When nineteenth-century kings are killing
A million children, women, men,
While towns become the ashy den
Where charr’d, maim’d corpses lie and rot—
Such hallows surely have forgot
That e’en the most devout ascetic,
Pictures and prayers howe’er pathetic,
Nay the most “ unctuous ” devotion
With every kind of begging notion,
Matyrdom, Mariolatry—
Are nothing—without Charity !

See Churches Sacred, Apostolical,
Churches Roman, Orthodoxical,
Churches Protestant, Paradoxical ;
Churches Lutheran, Calvinistic,
Churches Irvingite or Mystic ;
Sects and splits of every hue,
Bishops, Clergy, all the crew,
Creed on creed upbuilding fast,
New dogmas adding to the last ;

Spinning webs, wire-drawn and fine,
Theories subtle, " most divine ; "
Splitting hairs with polish'd knife,
Else, absorb'd in scowl and strife,
Red damnations dealing round
Till the Shibboleth be found ;
Drone or groan by organ nurst,
Or—" the box of whistles " curst ;
Naked walls and three-hours' prayer,
Or fane rich with costly layer
Of marbles, jewels, bronzes, gold,
While breathe sweet voices anthems old ;
Responses short or sermons long,
Hearers select or crowded throng ;
Altar-candles large and bright,
Or " injunctions " 'gainst a light ;
Gownless men and neck-tie throats,
Or tippets, stoles, robes, petticoats,
With beardless boys or bearded goats ;
Gay procession, banner, cross,
Or shunn'd all such as filth and dross ;
Incense tickling delicate noses,
Shrines and tinsel, pots and posies ;

Saints'-days many, or saints all damn'd,
The sheep with tracts and bibles cramm'd,
Washings, bowings, genuflections,
Spiritual guidings and "directions;"
Priesterraft endless night and day,
Or tailors and girls that preach and pray ;
Tithes of cummin, anise, mint,
Forms and fetish without stint ;
Pope Infallible—God wot!—
Or Pastor ridden by Deacon sot,
Jesuit's craft or Jumper's sleight—
And all to make one proselyte !

The while, unknown's Our Lord above,
Lost the golden law of Love,
Heathen virtues e'en are gone,
Cant and crime in union ;
Earthly wrong and earthly right,
Unseen, unfelt, in phosphor-light
Of "contemplation" and "perfection,"
Self-deceit and "sure election."

Alack, how we and things do change !
Paul would be now a dreamer strange,
Peter a heretic, Matthew a log,

Christ a vulgar demagogue,
Foul-mouth'd and fierce as any dog.
We, with our steam and "education,"
And mandarin "examination,"
Our mealy phrase and flare and flaunt,
Our millionaires and "paupers" gaunt,
Our caste and "respectability,"
Tuft-hunting and universality
Of adulteration, swindling, puff,
With bribery and simony *quantum suff.*
Why *we* would walk a mile or two
To see a Queen's or Lord's cast shoe,
And nor Priest nor Levite dare
God's deep-branding truths declare—
Should rich or titled rip be there.
Rotten, brandy-drinking kings,
They are now our highest things !
Swells *now* our veins no jolly blood ;
Flows through them *now* a loathsome flood
Of gin or beer or learned ink,
Till our proud states are lost in stink ;
And our official sleek belief
Fits with the coward and the thief,

Our varnish Christianity
 Masking life's "civiliz'd" blasphemy
 And hollow conventionality.

Yes! these Christians *do* love each other!
 How they cheat, sell, stab their brother!
 How the psalm-singing drivellers lie,
 Gloating in their butchery!
 Scoundrel Bismarcks and their kings—
 While th' bought scribe their praises sings—
 How they steal lands, rights and men,
 Adding serfs to slave-fill'd pen,
 Dancing in "loyal" ecstasy
 At each fresh stroke of perfidy,
 Swear now by "The Holy Trinity,"
 To-morrow say 'twas flummery;
 Waste paper each state-treaty new—
 A blind to catch the honest few.

Who takes life, we hang; but not
 If a bauble crown he's got.
Then the wretch may at his will
 Kingdoms wide with slaughter fill,
 Massacre all Circassia,
 With patriots crowd Siberia,

Make gallant Poland bleed to death,
O'er France belch bullets and hell-fire breath,
"Annex," intrigue, to right and left,
More "pious" after every theft,
Bishops and priests "Te Deum" singing,
As each fresh victory-peal is ringing,
Each burial-squad its heap is flinging
Of boys, men, peasants, ten thousand strong,
In grave-trench, wide, and deep and long,
Bayoneted, brain'd, mow'd down or burn'd—
For that the conqueror's yoke they spurn'd,
Because (foul villains !) they dared to stand
Fighting for their dear Fatherland !

Yes, *Bill* (still panting for fresh dominions)
Bismarck (pluming his vulture pinions)
Alec (with's sneaking gore-stain'd minions)
Not yet—like mad wolves, each man's aim—
Are shot, hang'd, headed, with wild acclaim
By Europe's bold United States.

"United," quotha, by the fates !

Ours are the Dis-united lands,
No law, no clasp between the strands
Of their old coil ; *club-law* alone
Is now to reign in every zone,

Each foot-pad now may run-a-muck,
Now you, now I, now *he* is struck.
"Let all be plunder'd in their turn,
Ravish their women, their cities burn ?"
So say wise "statesmen," men of peace,
And London may "fry in its own grease ;"
So say wise priestmen, men of peace,
Lest "tithe and offering should cease ;"
So say wise penmen, men of peace,
Lest "new mob-papers should increase ;"
So say wise pursemen, men of peace,
Lest war should "touch their golden fleece."
The great, thus craven, helpless, lost,
The small states hither, thither, tost,
All palsied, fate-big moments flying,
And freedom, Europe, Asia, dying—
Some blanch and shake in panic fear,
Dread some, lest "trade-stop" should be near,
Some from their cow'd chain'd multitude
Wring out more, *more* "iron and blude,"
While all are bankrupt, crush'd and ground
By armaments of warlike *sound*,
But which the Quakers will not use
'Gainst public murderers. Thus abuse

Poltroons and traitors Europe's weal,
 While hell-hounds hunt, and tear and steal,
 All things to one wide ruin tending
 And none *will* see the woful ending.

And we the eunuchs, we "mean whites,"
 We the unwash'd mob that hunger bites,
 We the toiling, moiling thralls,
 For whose "blood" the anointed tyrant calls
 To feast his "iron," we who eat
 Our tear-soil'd bread beneath his feet,
 We, whose gold is drain'd away
 His "Christian" hordes to stall and pay,
 Our children nurs'd for cannon-food,
 Our pennies suck'd by th' dynast-brood,
 Our fair lands stolen, trampled down,
 To give a "King" an "Emperor's" crown—
We suffer all. We cannot fight.

Then farewell, England! By heaven's light
 Coin-huggers never yet were free,
 Mammon aye lured to infamy.—
 Take muskets up, lay money down,
 Dare all for England's old renown.
 Let us be men! let England's glory
 Flow lustrous yet in Europe's story!

Stand we by kinsmen and allies,
Ere each one, single-handed, dies :
Ere 'tis too late, rise one and all,
On Cromwell, Pitt, and Nelson call,
Save France, save Europe, save thyself,
Care not for pleasure or for pelf—
No sacrifice too great can be
For Fatherland and Liberty !

THE CHRISTIAN JUGGERNAUT.

I.

CHRIST IS THE LORD ! In East and West,
By Christians all 'tis loud confest.

CHRIST IS THE LORD ! In North and South,
Join priest and people with one mouth.
And His prayer they teach—and say it well—
Even the jail-bird in his cell :

“ Our Father, Thou which art in heaven !”
With other such of that same leaven.
But if *our* Father, then are *we* brothers,
And as *ourselves* should love all *others* !

II.

To strange lands, too, we bodesmen send,
From gods obscene their souls to wend,
From idols horrid, from fetish foul,
From shaven bonze, from dervish-howl,

From prayer-mills mad, awhirl all day,
 From Hindoo filth, and Brahmin lay,
 From Juggernaut's blood-clotted wheels
 As o'er stretch'd devotees he reels,
 Crashing and crushing men and mice
Thus bent on gaining Paradise.

III.

We hypocrites! we well desery
 The mote within our brother's eye,
 But of the beam our own within
 No fire-tongu'd Baptist warns his kin ;
 No Jonah bids the folk amend,
 Their hearts and not their garments rend ;
 No high-priest, hoar with years and fame,
 Dares *Christian infamy* proclaim ;
 No lay enthusiast, fresh from truth,
 To battle 'gainst *humbug* calls age and youth.'

IV.

Yet gods! we've fell—from CASTE to MAMMON—
 But neatly shrouded in Christian gammon,
 That airy, lambent, pretty gauze
 Drap'd with such grace round any cause.

Our whitened sepulchres—they stand
 Many and lustrous in the land,
 And fetish foul and bonze have we,
 And howling dervish, as all may see,
 With Hindoo filth and Brahmin lay,
 And child-death “in the usual way.”

V.

But chiefest, brightest of our gems,
 Costlier than all “Jerusalems,”
 Is OUR CHRISTIAN JUGGERNAUT,
 Rolling tower with murders fraught,
 Built by kings with cunning skill,
 Not *tens* but *millions* of men to kill.
 Holy bishops—how they’ve bless’d it!
 Holy women—how they’ve caress’d it!
 Look! craft, and curse, and perjury,
 And blood and iron its timbers be!

VI.

Forth it welters. We hear it now!
 Crosses hang adown its brow.
 From its walls great cannons roar,
 While ironclads help by every shore.

Mangled limbs, and tears, and shrieks
 Deck its path as on it creaks,—
 Sweetest music, fairest sight,
 Filling “Christians” with delight.
 And the base crowds, near and far,
Willing drag the demon car.

VII.

Nations of *slaves* indeed are they,
Themselves the monster fill and pay,
 Themselves its *victims* too. But then
 'Tis so “grand” to ruin fellow-men.
 The “churches” them to “obedience” awe,
 And name it “loyalty” and “law.”
 So—to steal province, harbour, crown—
 They gladly mock God’s unseen frown,
 Forgetful that His silent star
 Curbs worlds, and emperor, and czar.

VIII.

Hence, while we slept, have Mongol bands
 Filch’d Persian, China, Indian lands,
 Finland and many a canton more
 Round the cold Baltic’s once free shore.

Circassia drench'd in gore, or driven
 To plains by "infidel" Mussulman given,
 Poland, half massacred, with might
 "Levied" 'gainst sister states to fight,
 Whilst trembles Turkey, and awaits
 The "pious" cut-throat at her gates.

IX.

Hence—while we slept—the Cossack-Prussian,
 More barbarous even than the Russian,
 From small and modest robber's nest
 Rose to be "great," of shires possess'd,
 Once own'd by Saxon, Pole, German, Swede,
 Wend, *Dane*—sold by England in his need,—
 And now, sharp dagger in her side,
 Grasps hard at French fields far and wide,
 Till, whetted by flesh, and gold, and spoil,
 For *further* prey he spreads his toil.

X.

"And is help none?" the coward cries,
 As wrapp'd in "Christian" ease he lies;
 "Must *I*, too, bow my haughty neck,
 At Mongol or at Cossack beck?

Must *I*, too, give my children tall,
 My honour, freedom, industry, all,
 This fiend-fierce Juggernaut to feed,
 While bankrupt states in anguish bleed,
 While ‘Christian’ *right* means ‘heathen’ *wrong*,
 And ‘civilization’ is a song ?”

XI.

Friend, help is none—until thou strike !
 For *like* is only cur’d by *like*.
 Soft sawder ne’er held bandit back,
 But chains, revolvers, hangman’s knack.
 King-butchers laugh at “but” and “hem,”
 Nor God nor devil frightens *them*.
Iron and blood’s the only potion
 Can teach *them* any “Christian” notion.
Bullets and bayonets only can
 Lords of arm’d millions break and ban.

XII.

Give but to *one* state Landstorm strong,
 Its steel-clad folk an endless throng,
 Rich, poor, prince, beggar, side by side,
 Their common country’s hope and pride,

With guns and discipline most dread,
 And tried commanders at their head ;
 Who shall that train'd machine withstand ?
 Within a month, a year, the hand
 Moving that mass quick, slow, fast, faster,
 Of *all our Europe* is the master.

XIII.

Choose, then ! Let Juggernaut be God,
 Or smash at once his gory rod !
 Fling back his flames, his shells, his balls,
 Free the poor nations he entralls,
 Or share their fate, thy glory dead,
 Thy tree ancestral withered.
 We *cannot* cheat the Lord of Life ;
 Choose betwixt Baal-rest and strife.
 If slave-rest—follow thy tyrant grim ;
 If Christ be God, *then fight for Him !*

XIV.

How long we not for Christian peace !
 How bid we daily “let wars cease !”
 The Prince of Peace the poor folks kiss,
 Begging with tears this heavenly bliss—

Peace in heart, home, street and state,
Gift of the Merciful Uncreate !
But heart-peace gaineth *fight* 'gainst sin,
Home-peace *smites* self with clamorous din,
Street-peace is *kept* by watchmen, guards,
Detectives, soldiers, fines, rewards.

XV.

State-peace, too, is won by *fighting*,
Else cruellest anarchy all things blighting,
Else strongest, wickedest devil-king,
The red blood quaffing of all Europe's ring.
“ *Per aspera ad astra !* ” then ;
Thro' thorns to roses, Countrymen !
No hour unus'd let fly away,
Rise, arm, exercise, pray and pay !
Fight for Peace, for Freedom, Love,
For Country here, for God above !

GOD SAVE OUR FATHERLAND.

NEW WORDS TO OUR OLD ENGLISH NATIONAL AIR.

I.

God save our Fatherland,
Our dear old Fatherland,
 Our British home !
Stout stand her chivalry,
Bright shield of liberty,
Her Sea-Kings ploughing free
 The flowery foam !

II.

Keep, too, our children's flock,
Firm planted, spite the shock

Of east and west!
 Each gallant Colony
 Stretch limbs of majesty,
 Fence round the mother-tree
 With green-wove breast!

III.

'Gainst blood-gorg'd eagles' blow,
 'Gainst Cossack overflow,
 Raise battle's whoop!
 Watchful by night and day,
 When wolves would clutch their prey
 Rush quick our proud array,
 Each Northman troop!

IV.

From granite Scandia,
 From golden India,
 To Erin's shore,
 One love-link'd Commonweal,
 Harness'd in strength and steel,
 We'll smite the tyrant's heel
 As oft of yore.

V.

Great Frankland at our side,
 And Europe's far and wide
 United States,
 Mammon no longer God,
 Smash'd each base kingly rod,
Brothers on toil-till'd sod
 We'll brave the fates.

VI.

Christ bless and build us all !
 On Him alone we call
 Who wars bade cease !
 His curse blast butchering hands,
 Crown'd thieves of neighbour lands !
 Help He our free-born bands
 Till all be peace !

THE END.

THE GENERAL EUROPEAN PLUNDERING COMPANY (LIMITED).

Capital £500,000,000, in Shares of £5 each.

Directors.

Messrs. ASHTAROTH, BAAL, BAAL-PEOR, BEELZEBUB, DAGON,
MAMMON, and MOLOCH.

(Voting through Deputies to be elected by the Shareholders).

Solicitors.

Messrs. MEPHISTOPHELES and SHYLOCK.

Offices :—1, Prayer-meeting Lane.

Bankers.

Messrs. CATCH-ALL, GRASP, and GREED.

Offices :—End-sanctifies-the-means Square.

The Directors, who have subscribed two-fifths of the required Capital, are convinced that the Christian Public will hasten to invest in this admirable speculation. As experience shows, it is the best paying business yet discovered. The CHRISTO-GERMAN COMPANY has already realised in hard cash alone *five times* the amount of its capital, besides immense sweeps of territory, &c. All Europe and Asia are now open to the operations of our Company, which will be conducted on the new Christo-German principle of not only *picking the very bones* of every country attacked, but also of *sucking the blood* of five, ten, or fifty of *its coming generations*. Enormous dividends may therefore be expected. England alone will cut up for *some thousand millions* of pounds sterling.

The Directors are also able to announce that—thanks to the

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spread of "Education"—they have arranged for a supply of fitting Servants in any number, and at most reasonable rates. Of these respectable Christian Officers, Soldiers and Sailors, many are well-born or highly taught, most can read and write well; nearly all have been Confirmed and are also bearers of certificates of Vaccination.

The Board rejoices to add, that they will keep the working expenses low. They and their Servants will live on "the Enemy." This Criminal will of course be stripped of everything, from pockets and pantaloons to pianos and pictures, while palaces and provinces will be duly attended to. Blood and money will flow in regularly.

The Directors would also point out that they will follow out the admirable Christo-German system in yet another particular. They will avoid making prisoners; such cannot be sheltered, as we ruin and fire the villages and towns. We therefore adopt the shorter and more merciful course: we shoot or hang or burn "the Enemy's" men and women and children, as occasion offers. But when Captives *must* be made, they will be fed on Christo-German diet—nourishing though simple and cheap—dirty water and New Testaments.

Care will be taken that *the victim* shall always be compelled to declare war first, thus at once rallying to the Company the warm sympathies of all enlightened men.

It is with feelings of satisfaction the Board can announce in conclusion that Bishops and Clergy of all denominations will open and close the Board Meetings with prayers and religious exercises.

Further information will soon be supplied.

BLOOD and IRON,
Secretaries.

SVANTEVIT, *Registrar.*